

*J. Alderson*

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**PASTORAL BALLAD** *K*

In FOUR PARTS:

ADMIRATION,  
HOPE,  
DISAPPOINTMENT,  
SUCCESS.

*There swims no goose so gray, but soon or late,  
She finds some honest gander for her mate.*

POPE.

\*\*\*\*\*  
The SECOND EDITION, with ADDITIONS.  
\*\*\*\*\*

Printed and sold for T. LONGMAN, in *Pater-noster-Row*, LONDON, and by  
other Booksellers in *Town and Country*.

—  
M,DCC,LXXIV.

[ Price ONE SHILLING. ]



PASTORAL



ADMR

HOB

BL

CO

Printed and sold for T. Lawrence, by J. ...

Other books ...



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GENTLE READER,

**I**F thou art a Critic of very fine taste, do not read the following trifle: thou wilt reject it with disdain, on account of the liberties taken with one of the most beautiful pastorals in our language; tho' it be not in the power of this writer to lessen the merit of that elegant performance, if he were indeed so vitiously inclined.

Art thou of a risible disposition? Indulge thy humour, and shake thy sides with him: but, if thou art averse to that wholesome exercise, and art proud of a different twist of features (for which life will give thee ample occasion) gratify thy spleen, think such a writer's folly contemptible, and thy own wisdom an object of envy.



GENTLE READER,

I have not a Circle of your friends, no more  
the following tribes: then will I be  
on account of the liberator taken care of the  
tribes in our language: this is the  
of this writer to lessen the merit of your original  
if he were indeed a religious writer.

But then of a tribe of writers? I think the  
and make the tribe with him: but if he is not  
that religious energy, may not be a different  
of writers for which he will give the right  
giving the tribe, that is a writer's job  
and the one who is an effect of work.



A

# PASTORAL BALLAD.

## THE ARGUMENT.

*A certain Shepherdess (ycleped MARGARET TIMBERTOE) had the misfortune to be born without the sense of hearing, and was consequently dumb; she had likewise by accident lost the entire use of one leg and one eye. In other respects she was not without some very powerful attractions, at least in the eye of a neighbouring Shepherd, (by name PHELM O GIMLET) who, being in the same situation as to the two latter particulars, became enamoured of the Nymph, and thus he spake his passion:*

## ADMIRATION.

**D**E V I L burn 'em ---- these wits are jack-asses!  
Tumble down their vile books from my shelves!  
They goddeses make of their lasses,  
And simpletons make of themselves.

B

Away



Away with their nonsense, away! ----

MOGGY TIMBERTOE let me endite;  
Whose eye is as bright as the day,  
And whose tongue is as still as the night.

With storms should the elements crack,  
How fearless is virtue the while!

Let the brave be dismay'd at the smack;

Her face wears an ever-green smile.

So gracefully PHYLLIDA moves,

So lightly she trips o'er the ground,  
Each shepherd, that looks at her, loves;

Each shepherdess envies the wound.

But how wou'd the blunderers stare

To see little TIMBERTOE run!

Or, how wou'd Miss PHYLLIDA bear

To foot it for ever on one!



I knew that her fortune was noble,  
 I was smit with her presence behind;  
 And, blest with a similar hobble,  
 I wrote her a piece of my mind.

" I have seen a complexion as fair,  
 " JENNY TWINKLE has one eye as fine;  
 " But where shall we meet with a pair,  
 " So bright as that twinkler of thine?

" My passion in vain I wou'd stifle,  
 " Like a cinder I'm burnt black and blue;  
 " Nor can I be cur'd by a trifle,  
 " Unless I've that trifle from You.

" We have two pretty legs here between us,  
 " And a very complete pair of eyes;  
 " The folk, that on one side have seen us,  
 " Have seen nothing there to despise.

" It



" It is not your cottage I want,  
 " 'Gainst an old oak's broad body reclin'd  
 " With a wide-gaping window in front,  
 " And a snug little peep-hole behind.  
  
 " It is not the smell of your kitchen,  
 " Where plenty and cleanliness please,  
 " With a whole ham and half of a fitch, in  
 " Reserve for potatoes and pease.  
  
 " It is not your mare to ride double,  
 " Bereft like ourselves of one eye;  
 " No, nor twenty fat geese on the stubble,  
 " Nor a sow and nine pigs in the sty.  
  
 " It is not, dear MOGGY, your purse,  
 " But your person I PHELM adore;  
 " And I'll take you for better for worse,  
 " Will any man take you for more?"

H O P E.



H O P E.

**D**A M E nature had thrown off the load,  
Which in winter she commonly bore;  
And the sun jogg'd along the same road,  
He had travell'd some thousand times o'er.

Mother earth had put on her new clothes,  
'Twas (in English) the sweet month of May;  
When love led me forth by the nose,  
Where dear MOGGY TIMBERTOE lay:

On the marge of a river reclin'd,  
I trembled to see her asleep;  
Left she wake on the side that was blind,  
And roll adown into the deep.

C

Young



Young Zephyr play'd roguishly by,  
 And whistled quite up to her knee;  
 I respectfully shut my one eye,  
 And the devil a bit did I see.

Thrice I roar'd out, ---- "arise, pretty maid!"  
 But she could not have heard the last trump;  
 Yet thrice to get up she essay'd,  
 And thrice she fell down again plump:

Then quick to assist her I went,  
 She was pleas'd my affection to see;  
 Her single eye shone with content,  
 And doubly it shone upon me.

She drew from her bosom my letter,  
 Love drew from his quiver a dart;  
 Ah, thought I, she can't have a better  
 To trip up the heels of her heart.

She



She smil'd, when I kifs'd her dear hand:

*Do your pleasure* ---- as much as to say;  
Yet so sweetly she bids me command,  
By my faith that she makes me obey.

Oh, what pleasure to see her lips jabber  
About something, that nobody knows!  
And their taste is just like bonny-clabber  
With 'tatoes bobbing up to one's nose.

To be nigh her, one cannot but pay  
The respect, that to merit we owe;  
For she says all, a maiden should say;  
And she knows all, a maiden should know.

Her smiles take the soft by surprize,  
And her funny looks fetter the free;  
With her silence she wins all the wife;  
She is ev'ry way winning to me.

She



She may smile on each fool if she please,  
 Let the wise on her silence refine;  
 Let 'em burn, but let her bosom freeze,  
 To be thaw'd by the ardor of mine.

Ye scenes of nonsensical noise,  
 Where often with pleasure I strove;  
 I fly from your bumpkinly joys  
 To the bosom of beauty and love.

No longer the cudgel I wield;  
 The glories of wrestling I shun:  
 Ye shepherds, the cob of the field  
 Is content with the fame, he has won.

Gentle hope, like an owl on her nest,  
 Stretch over my soul thy soft wing!  
 And the raptures, that can't be express'd,  
 Get up, little GIMLET, and sing.

DIS-



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DISAPPOINTMENT.

**Y**E clouds, of a dirt-colour die,  
Besmut the bright face of the sun!

And let not the moon's silver eye  
Infult o'er a lover undone!

Brown, brown be the earth, and ye floods  
Tumble back your rude streams, or lie still!

Ye beasts of the field, to the woods!  
Ye feather'd fowls, fly where you will!

Plague take it ---- this love's a vile passion!

'Tis not worth an honest man's care;  
It begins with a world of vexation;  
It ends in disgust or despair.

D

These



These girls are so full of vagary,  
 One never knows, when they are right ;  
 They'll lead you a dance, till you're weary,  
 Then marry another in spite.

I pity those poor honest fellows,  
 Tied fast to their aprons for life ;  
 They first give 'em cause to be jealous,  
 Then ---- "*Dare you suspect your own wife ?*"

I thought I'd secur'd my dear MOGGY,  
 As safe as a thief in a mill ;  
 But I'm popt in a hole, that is boggy,  
 And there I may lie, if I will.

What a terrible turn in the times,  
 To become the contempt of a throng !  
 TOBY TINKLE, who reels as he rhymes,  
 Has made on my forrows a song :

" Poor



“ Poor PHELM has lost all his fun,  
 “ And MOGGY’s dominion is o’er;  
 “ He was blind, ---- and his passion begun;  
 “ He can see, ---and she charms him no more.”

O yes, I could doat on her limbs,  
 Would she deign the soft passion to prove;  
 But while she’s a slave to her whims,  
 I must laugh at her limping and love.

\* He’s a fool that can fancy her fair,  
 Or can find out a feature that’s fine;  
 She must crawl with her crackt crock’ry ware  
 To another’s market than mine.

Ah

---

\* This stanza is submitted to critical observation, as an humble specimen of  
*apt alliteration’s artful aid.*



Ah me, when her praise is my note,  
 What a prince of a poet am I!  
 While the blame of her sticks in my throat,  
 Like a bone of my Mother's goose-pie.

My heart gives the libel the lie,  
 When I draw a wry mouth at her name;  
 Then why, little PHELM, ah why,  
 Of thyself and thy MOGGY make game?

I found out a gift for my lass,  
 I found out the maker at YORK;  
 'Twas an eye, neatly fashion'd of glass,  
 'Twas a leg, nicely finish'd of cork.

"Special good are the members I bring,"  
 Said I, and (to please her the more,)  
 "My dear, you will find 'em the thing;  
 "For I tried, and I prov'd 'em before.

"Look



" Look here, my sweet creature to grace

    " How charming this eye-ball doth shine;

" It will give a new bloom to your face;

    " See, its fellow illuminates mine.

" Here's a limb! Your acceptance I beg,

    " Oh, 'tis better than that log of wood;

" 'Tis a brother to this little peg,"

    And I caper'd as high as I cou'd.

How false are the pleasures we know!

    How severe is the pang of disgrace!

When I offer'd them both, and bow'd low;

    Why, she lent me a kick in the face.

Disappointment so blinded mine eye,

    So confus'd the fine things I'd to say,

That my path I cou'd hardly espy,

    As in dudgeon I waddled away.

E

S U C-



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S U C C E S S.

**T**H E R E be lovers, of life so profuse,  
     If a mistress but happen to frown,  
 That will give their wife heads to a noose,  
     Or will take to the water, and drown.

Now, why shou'd we quarrel with life,  
     Since life is at best but a span?  
 Is the loss of a termagant wife  
     Such a horrid misfortune to man?

A termagant wife is the Dee'l;  
     And can Moggv a termagant prove?  
 Her foot to be sure made me reel,  
     But perhaps 'twas a proof of her love.

Ah,



Ah, PHELM, (said I to myself)  
 Why will not thy vanity see,  
 That a lady possesst of such pelf,  
 May buy a much better than thee!

Then I call'd myself dastardly devil,  
 And thought upon all I'd been told;  
 How that beauty despises a \* SNIVEL,  
 And yields to the brags of the bold.

He's a knave and a noddy to boot,  
 That's abash'd, when a maiden says ---- nay;  
 And hastily gives up his suit,  
 Because he can't have his own way.

I knew that the gifts wou'd allure,  
 And I follow'd the issue to see;  
 But scarce had I gone from the door,  
 Little MOGGY came hopping to me.

On

---

\* Poetically abbreviated for Sniveller, a weak lamenter.



On her lips I imprinted a kifs,  
 And another intended ---- but oh!  
 She caught fuch a foretaste of blifs,  
 That ſhe quaver'd above and below.

I fear'd, that an ague had feiz'd her,  
 Her colour ſo went and ſo came;  
 But ſoon I perceiv'd, that it pleas'd her,  
 And pleas'd, I repeated the ſame.

Toward church I obſerv'd her eye ſquint,  
 Certain proof that ſhe meant to be kind;  
 So I quickly improv'd on the hint,  
 And I filently told her my mind:

But when her compliance I gueſt,  
 I thought that my heart wou'd run wild:  
 By Saint PATRICK, it bump't in my breaſt  
 Like the kicks of a never-born child.

To



To the Parson I artfully stray'd,  
 Who knew our perfections to scan;  
 He vow'd, so accomplish'd a maid  
 Never wedded so finish'd a man.

He declar'd we were form'd for delight,  
 Tho' (to give honest LEVI his due)  
 Time and stingo so † bother'd his sight,  
 That he scarce knew a P from a Q.

He blest'd us again and again,  
 In hopes I wou'd double his pay;  
 But, before the Clerk snuffled *Amen*,  
 We hopt like two magpies away.

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† bother'd — a very useful provincial expression, implying (as Dr. JOHNSON has, or ought to have explain'd it) that species of stupor; which, by abating the edge of the senses, gives such a pause to the intellects, as qualifies a man for an excellent Grammarian or Lexicographer.







